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Tom Brown and the Alderman's Widow

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大英

Tom Brown

AND THE

Alderman's Widow

Pitts, Printer, Wholesale Toy & Marbleware
house 6 Great St Andrew street dial.

IN the records of London doth history tell
That old Simon Pure was an Alderman jolly,
In eating all epicures he did excel,
And in drinking he'd drown melancholy.
But an unlucky chance cut his thread of life short
As at Lord Mayor's feast he was dining,
He died of a surfeit of turtle and port,
And left his old Widow to sighing and whining
Oh! Simon Pure,
Of rosy gill'd Alderman you once the pride
The Ninth of November too sure, (was,
The day the poor Alderman died was

His widow to keep his loved features in view,
Employ'd a hand-carver to chisel his visage
Who out of a block made a likeness so true,
That it looked more life than an image,
Enwrapt in a night shirt a cap on its head,
Did Betty each night snugly place it.
On old Simon's side of the poor widow's bed;
That she might from midnight till morning em,
Oh! Simon Pure, (brace it,
Beloved when alive by his darling fat wife was,
And no widow's grief was more pure
When he free from trouble and strife was,

Old Simon had left her both money and land,
She'd plenty of suitors came courting her gaily
And one Tommy Brown sought the fair widow's
Who came dress'd in his Sunday suit daily, (hand
So Betty he brib'd between kisses and gold
That she to the bed introduced him,
And he'd such a coaxing way I have been told
That she could not find in her heart to refuse
Oh! Simon Pure, (him,
To your widow's bed wicked Tommy Brown
While you in your coffin are secure, (did go.
Would it rise to protect your poor widow,

When the widow to bed came she held up her
light (might dwell on
That her eyes on her dear husband's image
And some folks there are say she died of a fright
While others a pretty tale tell on,
That Betty next morning was plagued with damp
And the me to light did incline none, (wood
And the widow bawled out in a right merry mood
Oh curse the wood Betty, let's burn old Simon
Oh! Simon pure,
Let widows take warning by your loving deary
A widowhood never endure.
A life 'tis so lonely and dreary,